

Blood Gulch: Red Style

by the arbitress

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Summary: What does Sarge really think of Grif?

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****Blood Gulch: Red Style****

"Grif, get your lazy patooey over here before I feed you to the fishes!"

"Sarge, we don't even have water, so how would we have fish?"

"Quit yer smart-talk, buckethead, and get over here. Meetin's about to start."

Sigh. "Fine."

Sarge knew perfectly well that they had no fish, but hectoring Grif was the only way to talk to him in an aloof manner. He knew full well just how close Grif and Simmons were, may even have known it before they themselves did. Acting like he hated Grif was the only way to keep his distance effectively. If he let his guard down, he knew that all hell would break loose.

Suspensions and follow-ups on those suspicions of just what Grif and Simmons had been up to on the occasions that they had been left alone together were inconclusive at best. Yet Sarge also did not want to know, did not want to know how far they've gone, did not want to think about it. The irony of it all struck him, and he laughed a dry, sad laugh. 'Yeah, think about it and make it hurt more,' he thought to himself.

He had at one time considered divulging the information to Donut, but there was no guarantee that it would stay in the closet after that.

Donut was not exactly famous for keeping his mouth shut. And telling the Blues, forget it.

Acting angry was the only escape he had, the only way to block out some of the pain. It would bother him more if Grif cared, and he thanked the Powers That Be that at least he had been spared that guilt. As for Simmons, oddly, his whole attitude toward Sarge somehow also helped ease the pain. One would think that the roles would be reversed, and Sarge would act to hate Simmons, and favor Grif, but fate has a funny way of twisting things. What should have been was not, and what is is not what it should be.

Nowadays, the crude belittlements of Grif became automatic, and it was Sarge's way of showing he cared. Simmons was his little, hurtful plaything to order around. It had occurred to Sarge more than once to just concoct a way of killing Simmons, but that would put him down a man, and the Blues were already pulling ahead, number-wise.

"Grif, you asleep inside yer helmet again? If you are, you better wake up, or you'll have to start paying rent in hell."

"Sarge, want me to poke him? I had fun the last time I did."

Donut giggled. Sarge gave him a burning look, and Donut must've felt the heat, even through two helmets, because he shut up.

This time Sarge sighed. "Simmons, just hit him awake. I wonder if we'll hear his head bang around in there. Or his brain, if he even has one."

Yep. Just another typical day in the twisted world of Blood Gulch.

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